

Trailer Park Plastic

The Clint family was much like every other family that occupied the Shady Acres Family Trailer Park. They paid their lot bills late like everyone else, they kept the outside of their trailer dirty like everyone else, and begrudgingly waved to their neighbors when they would both get their mail just like every other member of the community. Although Mr. Clint's wife had left many years ago with another male from the trailer park, the family continued on as if nothing had changed. Mr. Clint and his two sons; Jacob, and Brian, all seemed normal on paper but they were definitely not like the rest of the families of Shady Acres Family Trailer Park.

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Brian stepped out from his trailer as his older brother followed quickly behind him. They crossed their small yard as they waved at their next door neighbor who was washing his car. The two men smiled as the neighbor gawked at the revealing outfits that covered barely a fourth of their bodies. The Clint family was not like the other families in the park. The three members were each obsessed with altering their bodies in a way that stretched the limit of what it meant to be a man. Each member of the family pursued their further transformation harder than the other. It was a constant struggle to see whose ass would grow the largest, whose tits would become the roundest, and, weirdly enough, whose cock would grow the smallest.

The Clint's saw the normal representation of masculinity as ways for the average man to hide his homosexuality tendencies. They did not find manliness in the measuring of ones cocks, or talking about how hard they fucked their woman. They found that true alphas cared about the growth of their glutes more than anything. That true men worked hard to show their manliness, whether it was by working hard to grow the actual muscles or by spending every cent they had for injections to further their already expansive bodies. And while they did everything they could do grow their cheeks to their current sizes, they did everything within their power to shrink their once expansive manhood's down to nothing more than clits.

Both brothers felt empowered as their neighbors stared at them as they walked towards the basketball court, ready to shoot a few hoops, as their neighbors all stared at the "manly" outfits that the peculiar Clint boy's were wearing today. Their "masculine" bodies on display for every person who dared to look at them. Each of the augmented bodies was dressed in scant pieces of fabric, which they

deemed to be clothing. Shredded remnants of what were once basketball shorts were stretched tightly over their ass inflated cheeks, running deep into their cracks. What little bit coverage the “shorts” would allow was buried between their overly injected ass cheeks. But while their backsides were beyond obscene; the front was even more of a query for those who saw them.

The entire Clint family found great pride and lust in their overly modified bodies, specifically their asscheeks. They saw them as signs of masculinity and strength. They did everything within they could to make them appear larger, beefier, rounder. And what they saw as signs of weakness were their cocks. Only faggots touched their cocks. Only faggots waved them around, hoping other men would brag about them. Only faggots cared about touching their cocks. Real men cared about the size of their muscles not the size of their cocks. It was a mindset that the fixed into the brother’s heads since birth, and it was one they embraced.

Their nearly flat fronts were even more pronounced as the clothes they wore grew tighter. As they stretched tightly over their glutes the mound visible, and the smaller their groins became the more they wanted to show off. And it wasn’t just their lower bodies that they pranced around; it was their upper bodies too. Though their chests and faces were less modified than their lower bodies it was still quite noticeable; plumped lips, nearly perfect pectorals, and nipples that looked like they belonged to a woman, not a male.

Jacob and Brian joked with one another as they strolled through the trailer park, seeing the basketball court at the end of the road. They bounced the ball back and forth between one another as they walked the short distance. Their chest and their ass cheeks jiggled with every exaggerated sway of their hips the brothers made. Their deep voices could be heard throughout the entire trailer park as if they were trying to be noticed by others.

Upon entry into the basketball court, the two brothers found that the court was already occupied by the two strangers. Neither guy looked familiar to either Jacob or Brian. This was their turf and they were ready to push when necessary.

“Dudes! Get lost! This is our court!” Brian shouted to the two guys, stopping their game mid-play. Both turned at the same time and immediately their joyous faces turned to disgust. The two strangers were not from the trailer park, and therefore had never seen such freaks as the Clint brothers, and the looks on their faces revealed their feelings to the way they were dressed.

“What the fuck man. What are you wearing?!” The taller of the two strangers shouted. The two brother’s looked at one another in confusion. What was he talking about? Both looked down and inspected their clothes; thong- like shorts, cut off crop top, knee-high socks. They looked over their

shoulders and saw their beefy ass cheeks as they hung free of their clothes. Their butts were huge, their cocks were tiny, and their clothes were barely covered their bodies. Nothing out of the ordinary here, both of them thought.

“We were about to ask you the same thing? What are you two some sort of fags?” Brian asked as he came to a near reflection of the faces the two strangers gave to the brothers. Jacob and Brian turned their noses up at the sight of the long-sleeved shirts, and the knee length basketball shorts. The only reason for a real man to cover so much of their body as if they were fags. Or so their father had trained them to think.

“What the hell are you two talking about?! The shorter stranger barked. “Y’all the ones walking around like some sort of freaks with their assholes hanging out for everyone to see!”

“What are you jealous?” Jacob shouted back as he turned his body around and showed off robust ass. “What you some sort of fag and can’t look at my ass without getting a boner? Fucking gay wards bro!” Jacob laughed as he jiggled his ass cheeks back and forth. Brian followed his older brother’s lead and showed off his ass as well. Both jumped and twerked there obscene cheeks. Their glutes moved in waves as their cheeks slapped against the opposing side. If the two strangers hadn’t have seen their upper bodies, they would have thought such ass’ belonged to woman, and not muscular men. They looked over their shoulders and saw the two strangers share glances of uncertainty between one another. Both were speechless, was this really happening to them?

“I bet their cocks are even getting hard looking at us,” Brian joked. As he turned around, showing off his nearly front crotch. “Real men don’t need huge dicks to swing around or show off.” Brian pulled down his “shorts” and revealed his measly pouch that looked to be barely occupied.

“HOLY FUCK!” The two men shouted in surprise at the tiny cock that was held within Brian’s pouch. Both men gravitated towards Brian, drawn in by the sheer strangeness that the two brothers radiated.

“You think that’s manly. Take a look at this!” Jacob said, wanting the attention that his brother was receiving from the strangers. Jacob dropped his “shorts” to the floor, showing off his even smaller pouch. A pouch so small it looked like it would be used to hold a tiny family heirloom and not Jacob’s own family jewels. Jacob stood proudly as he pushed out his manly clit. He was proud of the size of his dick and even prouder over the fact that it was smaller than Brian’s; by 1/8 of an inch to be exact.

“This is how a real man should look!” Jacob said aggressively as he gave his brother a very knowing side eye. Brian let out a gruff of annoyance. Even though Jacob’s cock had shrunken smaller

over the years. Brian could bask in the knowledge that his ass was three inches large than that of his brother's and the gap was only going to grow larger if Brian had it his way.

"A real man?" The taller stranger laughed. "How the fuck you gonna fuck a girl when your cock, I mean clit, is the size of my pinky!? Hold on, I'm sorry. It's probably smaller than my pinky!" He bent down close to Jacob's crotch and held out his long thick pinky, showing the distinct difference in size.

"Damn right it's smaller!" Jacob said defensively. The two men looked at one another and burst into uncontrollable laughter. They couldn't believe this freak was defending the fact that his cock was actually SMALLER than a pinky. "And real men don't need a cock to please a woman," Jacob commented.

"And what other way would you please her? Let her fuck that fat ass of yours?" The shorter one asked with a raised eyebrow.

"Fuck no! I ain't no fag! Brian turn around!" Jacob shouted to his younger sibling. Brian obeyed dutifully, knowing exactly what was about to happen. They had practice on another for hours, under the watchful eye of their father. They knew how to please a woman and it wasn't with their cocks.

"What are you two about to do?" The taller stranger asked hesitantly as he watched Jacob fall to the ground and inch towards his brother's monstrous ass.

"You wanna see how we would please a girl. Then you are gonna see!" Jacob took hold of the tiny string that ran around his brother's exaggerated waist and pulled it from the deep crevice of his ass cheeks, letting it fall to the ground. The two guys backed away slowly as they watched Jacob part the tan cheeks of his brother and then dive face first into his ass.

"SHIT MAN! YOUR EATING OUT A DUDE! Y'ALL ARE FAGS!" The taller stranger shouted as they backed away from Brian and Jacob. The intense licking sounds of Jacob as he ravenously ate his brother's silicone infused ass filled the now quiet air. Brian gave grunts of enjoyment as he looked towards the two guys.

"What the fuck are you talking about? We're straight! This is how you please a girl." Brian grabbed onto his cheeks and pulled them apart, allowing Jacob to get deeper into his puffed up hole. "Yeah, you nibble on that hole bro! Show them how you eat pussy! Show them that we aren't a couple of fags like them!" Jacob's tongue fucking became even more aggressive at the orders of his younger brother. They had practiced for hours on one another how it would be done if they were to ever get a girlfriend. If they were ever allowed to get a girlfriend that is; their father always adamant about them spending time either working out or finding ways to augment their bodies even further.

“You two are a bunch of freaks! Let’s get out of here Mick,” the shorter guy said to the taller friend, who was transfixed by the show that was happening in front of him. Mick kept his hands in the front of his shorts, obviously hiding something from the three men who surrounded him.

“What got a fucking boner!” Brian teased, seeing the obvious bulge between Mick’s hands. Mick crashed back into reality at the notion of his attraction to the two men was found out.

“No! Come on Joe. Let’s go!” Mick said as he tugged his friend’s arm, fully revealing his boner as it stretched down the pants leg of his extra long shorts.

“See! Right there! Fucking – Oh fuck, right there – faggot!” Brian arched his back more as he felt his brother’s tongue push against his enlarged prostate. “Like looking at two real men showing off? Showing how two real men eat pussy?” Brian taunted.

“Probably love watching me eat his ass don’t you?” Jacob asked before he took one long lick from the base of Jacob’s taint to his lower back. “That what you wanna see? Wanna see a real man munch on another guys ass? Faggot!” Jacob pushed his face back into his brother’s ass and continued to munch away at the puffed lips of his brother’s asshole.

“No – I’m not – I mean I don’t like guys! Come on man let’s get out of here!” Mick said as he pulled his friend’s arm, roughly pulling him from the court and out onto the street. Brian continued to allow his brother to eat out his gaping hole while he watched the two “straight” men run away from the court in a mixture of fear and disgust.

“Faggots!” Jacob and Brian shouted in unison. Jacob came to his feet and adjusted the tiny boner that pointed from his groin, which created the most pathetic tent one would have ever seen. A tiny wet spot had grown on his pouch from his pussy eating production, a spot that rarely ever grew any larger.

“Come on bro let’s play some ball before some more fag come to the court.” Jacob said as he tugged his brother’s underwear into place around his meaty cheeks. Brian adjusted his own tiny boner as he tugged his shorts over his g-string, grabbed the basketball which was left behind, and threw it into the basket.